



Kosciusko, October 7, 1843.

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Editors and Proprietors.FOR PRESIDENT,
MARTIN VAN BUREN.VICE PRESIDENT,
ROBERT J. WALKER.

Subject to the decision of a National Con.

FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR,
ALEXANDER G. McNUTT.

✧ We have received the first number of the *Southern Reformer*, a new paper published at Jackson Miss., by W. M. Smyth. Mr. Smyth is well known as a publisher; and while he conducted the *Grand Gulf Advertiser* sufficiently established his reputation as both an able editor and skilful conductor of a newspaper; but the *Southern Reformer* must exceed the calculations of those who had expected most. It is on a larger sheet than any paper published in this State, and contains on its last page some tables and statistics which are highly useful as references, and which could only have been made out at considerable trouble and labour, and are no doubt entirely correct. But not among the least recommendation is the low price at which it is published, being only \$3 per annum.

In its politics it is Democratic, and upon the bond question takes the half way ground, being in favor of the payment of the Planters' Bank bonds, and repudiating the Union Bank bonds.

✧ The late accounts from the cotton market are favourable, that is cotton is rising and goods and other property are rising. We are more inclined to think that the rise in cotton will be permanent for that reason. The rise is not owing to the increased demand for cotton, but to the great abundance of money among capitalist and monied men.

A few years since the advocates of the paper money system were alarming the country with their doleful predictions, that if the country returned to a specie or metallic currency, that property would sink so low in price that a few dollars would purchase almost any amount, and the consequence necessarily was that the holders of specie expecting such a favourable result to themselves, held on as long as they could, but as trade when let alone by unwise Legislation will soon regulate itself, and bring every thing to its proper level, it is now found that a year ago there was too high an estimate placed on the value of gold and silver, or in other words that there was too much gold and silver in the world for the low estimate which was then placed upon certain property, and a rise of price to its proper level is the consequence. We would advise our cotton raising friends to sell when they can get a fair price, and not to expect a high price, there is too much cotton in the world at this time in proportion to the demand for that.

✧ ELECTION TICKETS.—Election Tickets for both parties will be printed at this office, for this county; also Tickets for the adjoining counties will be printed at this office at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Our readers will recollect that Marshal Bertrand the companion in arms and in exile of Napoleon Bonaparte is now on a visit to this country, and has gone to the Hermitage to see General Jackson.

Among the numerous hospitalities which have been offered to the Marshal that of the city of Vicksburg is among the number, and it seems they deputed Anderson Miller the Marshal of the southern district of Mississippi, who by the way has "wore out a good pair of lungs in cursing Gen. Jackson," to give

the invitation. The following amusing account of the manner and circumstances under which the invitation was given we find in the *Galitan Signal*, and none who are acquainted with Mr. Miller will doubt its correctness.

*ANDERSON MILLER AND MARSHAL BERTRAND.

Several subjects for editorial comment, intended for this week's paper, have been unavoidably omitted, owing to severe sickness in our family, which has prevented us from bestowing the usual attention to the editorial department of our paper. Among these subjects was *Anderson Miller's* address on board of the steam boat Admiral, to Napoleon's noble companion in arms, *Marshal Bertrand*, who is now on a visit to this country, and at the time Mr. Miller had the honor of signaling himself in his presence by offering him, (in the name of the citizens of Vicksburg) the hospitality of that city, he was on his way to the Hermitage, to see Gen. Jackson. It was evident that the old soldier did not understand one word the lungless representative of Vicksburg said, although he smiled complacently and gratefully and bowed repeatedly, for he no doubt instinctively felt that Mr. Miller was saying or trying to say, his pretiest things in honor of him. Mr. Miller concluded his complimentary speech by hoping that Marshal Bertrand would call on Mr. Clay after he had visited the hero at the Hermitage, and declared that if the boat could be detained until he could borrow a clean shirt from his friend Mr. Prentice, he would accompany him to the distinguished statesman at Ashland. At this declaration a portion of the bystanders laughed outright, while Marshal Bertrand smiled and bowed, as a matter of course, and we dare say, if he understood what Mr. Miller said, he also laughed (in his sleeves.) We do hope, for the sake of the citizens of Vicksburg, if not for Mr. Miller's sake, that Marshal Bertrand does not understand the English language, and it must be a matter of congratulation with them that Anderson Miller knew nothing about the French language. We wonder how the last sentence of his speech would sound in French? Were we a linguist we would translate it."—*Signal*.

A NEW PARTY.—By a call for a committee meeting published in the *Tropic* of yesterday morning, we discover that another move upon the political chess-board has been made—that a new whim has seized upon our old and oft vanquished opponents, the Federal-National-Republican-Antimasonic-Jeffersonian-Harrisonian-Republican-Universal Whig party. Ashamed of former associations, tired of continual defeat, and having a bucaneeering propensity to fly at the mast-head any flag but the particular banner under which they fight, they have adopted a new name, and now forsooth, we are to have the "Democratic Whig party." "Angels and ministers of grace defend us" from such an unholy prostitution of terms, sacred to the memory of the great and good who have shed the luster of their undying fame over the institutions of our country.—But the absurdity is so palpable—ludicrousness of the thing so glaring, that even the boys in the streets laugh at the peculiar richness of it, and we can scarcely find an apology for treating the humbug in earnestness. It is like throwing a clean garment over a putrid carcass: the work of corruption may for a brief hour be hidden, but the rottenness beneath soon soil the spotless robe, and the foulness of the mass becomes the more apparent. It is presenting another "white sepulcher" to the public gaze, that passers by may sneer at the petty device of thus tricking out in pleasant colors, the dark receptacles of the worst portions of humanity.

"Whig Democracy"—"Democratic Whig party." Indeed these are choice terms. From whom do they come?—From the defenders of popular rights? No. From those who believe that the people possess capacity and intelligence for self government? No. From whom do they come? A party which at all times, places and occasions oppose the free, full and perfect exercise of those rights which God has given to man.—A party which is in favor of the most obnoxious of all features in the State government—an irresponsible judiciary. For of what avail is the extension of the rights of suffrage—we say not an extension, but the acknowledgment of a positive and inalienable right—unless it can be fully exercised—unless the democratic principle pervades in every department of government? No important result, coming up to the age in the science of government, can be expected by any partial reform. It must be thorough and radical. Trust must be placed in the people. Their rights must

be acknowledged.

Jefferson told us that the enemies of democratic liberty would steal our name to deceive the people. If this new party are honest in the use of the term—"Democratic Whig"—we welcome them to our ranks; but let us apply the test of democracy. Come, Messrs. Tropic & Bee, and answer: are you willing to trust the people? are you willing to grant the largest liberty to the largest number? Do you believe that all powers repose in the people? that from them emanates government? That direct responsibility to them by every officer can alone ensure the correct administration of government? Come up and answer, else not lay claim to the hallowed name of "Democracy." A name rendered sacred by every virtue that adorned the human character.—*N. O. Jeffersonian*.

Democratic Whigs!—The Coons of New Orleans have assumed this cognomen, and one of their journals says they are determined to keep it, because it is their own. Very well; we shall not dispute their right to this appellation, or any other they may choose to assume. What name will they take next? Perhaps they will call themselves the anti-bank party; perhaps, in a few months hence, the anti-Clay party! and who knows in the end, they may call themselves the Jackson party! With more propriety they may designate themselves by any one of those appellations, than by that of the *Democratic Whigs*. It has been observed that the moment the party which is opposed with so much virulence and so much constancy to the Democracy of the country begins to loose ground in popular favor, that moment they begin to grow tired of the designation they last assumed, and to cast about for a new one. Under no name have they seen such violent changes as under that of Whigs; and it is not surprising, therefore, that they should have become tired and ashamed of it.—A Democratic mask will hardly save them from the fate which yawns before them. They cannot conceal themselves behind it so effectually as to avoid detection by the people. We advise them to "doff that lion's hide, and hang a con-skin on their recreant limbs." Every individual and every collection of individuals, ought to take the name that properly belongs to them—the name by which they are most generally known throughout the community. If these gentlemen would only acknowledge the *Coon* party as that by which they will consent to be known, they would be entitled to infinite more credit from their fellow citizens than by taking that of *Democratic Whigs*. This, however, is the name they have assumed on their death-bed; and even if we had any right to interfere with their private affairs, we should scorn to disturb them in their last moments.—*Democratic Signal*.

WHAT WILL THEY DO NEXT.

We are all familiar with the story of the old sailor, who rolled in to see the feats of a certain juggler. The said juggler performed a great many astounding tricks, each more than the last exciting the unbounded astonishment of Jack, when, to crown all, some powder took fire and blew up the whole concern landing the sailor in a neighboring yard. Finding himself unhurt, he jumped up, took a fresh quid, hitched up his nether encasements, and being perfectly willing to see what he supposed to be the remainder of these performances, he exclaimed with an imprecation upon his eyes, "I wonder what these fellows will do next!"

It is an old tale, but the jugglery of the Whig party, in 1840, and on their subsequent grand blow up, after the death of Harrison, impressed it strongly upon the memory. Now what will they do next? What exploded scheme, what obsolete idea will they resuscitate? what new plan of attack, what system of humbuggery will they devise? who will be their candidates? That rotten and corrupt carcass of a high tariff dead years ago, and buried without benefit of clergy, which was so utterly abhorrent to the good sense of the people, that they had not the temerity to unearth it, and in its hideous deformity bring it before them, until they had amassed power—will they keep that above ground any longer? Or is it possible that, after the eyes of the people have been opened to the wrongs of the system, they will again advocate an "old fashioned U. S. Bank," to "make money plenty," and to "regulate the exchanges," to breed more corruption—more speculation—more overtrading—more defalcation, and more villainy in a thousand hues and ramifications? The tale that there was not specie enough to meet the requisites of a circulating medium, has turned out to be a barefaced lie—facts and the phases of the time prove it.—

The currency has tinkered itself; changes have regulated themselves, and we imagine that it would puzzle the sophistry of the whigs to give a decent reason for the establishment of such an institution. But we will not dwell on the subject, for we can find something else to do than to busy ourselves in the erection of straw men, for the amount of gratification to be derived in knocking them down.

We leave them, then, with their notable schemes—the Assumption of the debts of the states, and the Distribution of the proceeds of the sales of public lands, the latter a deformed bantling which "came into this breathing world scarce half made up." And when at length it was safely delivered and brought to light, it was unluckily discovered that it had not been born with a silver spoon in its mouth. Its improvident parents had not furnished it with substance—there was little or no money to distribute—and if not physically, it is legally and morally dead, and we may add, gone to the "mother earth" of the whig party—turned to Clay! The other royal infant, the "Assumption," has not been fairly admitted as yet into the pale of the whig church. Its godmother, William Cost Johnston, is ready at all times to go through the solemn ceremonies of the christening, but its anxious parents seem fearful of exposing it to the Democratic inclemencies of the political atmosphere, which now pervade the land for inclement and unhealthy it is to whiggery and its bantlings. Still the party leaders shout until they are black in the face to their followers, calling them to rally to the polls! "Rally! Rally!" though upon investigation it appears that they have not even the poor rag or remnant of a principle to rally around!

Nav, but if they have no principles, they have men. Come! the cause is not in such a desperate condition, after all, for the problem whether a man without principles, or at least with those which are not permitted to meet the public eye can obtain office, has already been solved. It was triumphantly carried in the affirmative in 1840. But when sedition and disaffection gathers headway in the party—when some go for Mr. Clay if nominated by a Convention, others for him, whether or not, Mr. Webster holding a strong hand in the North, and the friends of Mr. McLean keeping very quiet, yet working very hard all over the country, upon whom will the mantle of Federalism fall? Mr. Clay's name has been the signal for the rout and defeat of his party all over the Union and yet poor drowning whigs, they cling to that straw. The whig who entertains the ghost of a hope of Clay's election, after these decided manifestations, must have a miserable digestion and strange dreams. Joe Smith's pretended miracles are nothing to it, as even to go no further, the popular vote of Louisiana will assure you. There are family differences concerning the other candidates, which we leave the whigs to settle. So as regards men we don't see that they have a candidate possessing the shadow of availability, unless they run Mr. Biddle. He, at least, will command a heavy bank influence.

Well, with these glaring deficiencies both in principles and men, we will forego all speculation upon the question of their forthcoming fandangoes. The old ones will never answer—temperance and sober sense have made rapid strides since the days of hard cider and humbug; and we doubt whether they will have the hardihood to carry out their new system of playthings—meal bags and heaters.

What will they do next? We are only certain, judging from analogy, of one thing which they will do—they will do mischief. The democratic party, strong and powerful—united on principles, and ready and willing to abide the Convention's choice of a man, will not again permit them the power to do evil. We have only to be united and firm, to beat ways at our posts, and above all things, to take no lessons in the systems of party warfare from the whig General—General Apathy—but rather to raise the standard of Truth, and keep our eyes fixed upon that, as it is borne onward to victory, and we need ask no questions touching the future policy of the whigs. Unless they repent of the error of their ways, they can be of no importance whatever to the friends of the country—for they can be of no avail.—*N. O. Jeffersonian*.

From the *Columbus Democrat*.
To Judge GEORGE R. CRAYTON.

Were you last spring, when the comet shone so bright and threatening, a believer in Millerism, and proposed to preach upon that subject? If it is true that Miller's theological predictions are verified by the world's coming to an end by the 24th of March next, as you believe it will, what are the benefits attained by discussing the bond